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THE ROSE-BUD STORIES.

GOING TO THE COTTAGE.

EGGS AND CHICKENS.

THE GOAT AND HER KID.

BERTHA AND THE BIRD.

THE DUCK HOUSE.

MAY DAY AT THE COTTAGE.

ADVENTURE OF A KITE.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

THE PET LAMB.

TWO DEAR FRIENDS.

LITTLE AMY'S BIRTHDAY.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE COTTAGE.

**The Rose-Bud Stories,
FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.
Illustrated.**

The Pet Lamb.

BY

MRS. HARRIET MYRTLE.

pened,

Lydia Falconer Fraser Miller

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No. 4 Spring Lane.**

INTRODUCTION.

“O, the Spring, the bountiful Spring,
She shineth and smileth on everything.”



THIS was the chorus of one of little Mary's favorite songs, and she used often to ask her mamma to sing it, and used to sing it herself while she was running and dancing over the green grass. But sometimes Spring exchanges her bright looks

for cold and gloomy ones, and sometimes falling rains remind us more of tears than smiles. Then Mary's mamma taught her the common proverb, —

“March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.”

She also repeated to her that wise and beautiful saying, “Do not always long for blue skies. The gray clouds also bring blessings.”


Spring has long evenings, too, which are not always warm and pleasant, but often very cold and biting. On these long evenings,

while it was growing dark, but still too early for the children to go to bed, she used to tell them stories. Thomas and Willie were still at the cottage. It was a joyful sound to all three when they heard her voice calling them, and saying, "Shall I tell you a story?" Then they used to run into the parlor. Mary or Willie sat on her knee, because they were the youngest. Thomas brought a stool, and placed himself at her feet; and Bouncer, like a sensible dog, soon finding out that

there would be no more romping for the next half hour, stretched himself on the rug, and fell asleep. The following stories proved the greatest favorites.

The Pet Lamb.



NE bleak, boisterous afternoon in March, a little boy, called Alfred Herbert, was seated by his papa in the gig, driving homewards. Mr. Herbert was a country surgeon, and had been making a long round among his patients. There was nothing that Alfred and his sister Lucy liked better than to go out in this way with their

papa; and he often took one of them; but this time he had been obliged to go farther than he expected, and so it was getting dark and very cold, and they had still a long way to go. Alfred was only five years old. The wind blew in his face, and his cape *would* open and fly back. Then his toes began to ache and smart; his fingers were quite stiff; and as to his nose, it was as red as a poppy and as cold as ice.

"How long shall we be now, papa?" he had asked about ten times. At last it began to snow, and then, when he felt the soft, cold flakes of snow come patting

against his cheeks and resting on his poor, frozen nose, he could bear it no longer, and began to cry.

Just then they were passing a hedge, and a cow put its head over, and gave a loud moo — moo. It was so near that it made Bobby the pony start, and made Alfred stop crying. "Why, the cow seems to have something to say to us," said his papa. "What does it say?" asked Alfred, in a lamentable voice. "Don't you think it sounded like 'Moo, moo, how do you do?'" said his papa. At this Alfred laughed so heartily that he quite forgot the cold, and

went on merrily for a quarter of an hour.

But next he began to feel hungry, and to think of the warm parlor at home, with tea all ready, and the bright fire, and his mamma; and then he remembered his aching toes again, and very nearly began to cry a second time; but his papa said, "Make haste, Bobby! trot along and take us home quickly; we shall soon be there now." So Alfred commanded himself, and did not cry.

At this minute a little boy stopped them at the corner of a lane, and said he had been waiting for a long time to speak to

Mr. Herbert as he passed ; for he said his poor father was very ill, and wanted help sadly. His head was very bad, and he had had no rest for two nights. "Poor man !" cried Alfred ; "let us go and make him well, papa."

"Alfred was a kind little boy, mamma," said Mary. "You see he wanted his papa to go to the poor man, though he was longing so much to get home."

"Yes," said Thomas, "he knew the poor man wanted help more than he wanted his tea."

"Now go on, mamma," said Mary.

Mr. Herbert turned off the road,

and went to the poor man's cottage; and before he went in he told Alfred to run up and down the lane twenty times, and then get into the gig again. So Alfred ran up and down twenty times with all his might, and as he was climbing up the step again his papa came out. "Will the poor man soon be better?" he asked directly. "Yes, I think he will," said Mr. Herbert. So Alfred was very glad; and then his papa wrapped him up so warm and snug in a cloak, that he called it his nest, and felt quite comfortable, and did not care for the cold at all.

On they went again ; and now they came to the common that was just outside the town where they lived. The wind blew across the wide common, and whistled among the thick furze-bushes. The clouds scudded away over the sky, and the moon went sailing along, sometimes hiding her face behind them, then shining out round and clear. Alfred kept watching the bright moon. " Here comes a great black cloud to hide it," he cried. " See how the black cloud's edges turn all light and silvery as they come near the moon," said his papa. " Now the moon has gone to bed behind a

cloud," cried Alfred. "Ah! there it comes again!" "And look," said his papa, "how the white snow sparkles all over when it comes again." Then they made a little story about the furze-bushes; that they were all getting ready for a dance on the heath, and were dressed out in white, sprinkled with diamonds.

"I can see some other lights now," said Mr. Herbert. "I can see the lights from the windows in the town. We shall be home in a quarter of an hour now." So Alfred began to clap his hands and say, "Ah, mamma! you don't know how near we are to you."

Just as he spoke they heard a low baa — baa — quite close to them ; so close that it made Mr. Herbert stop the gig. They listened, and it came again, baa — baa — in a soft, pitiful tone. "It must be a lamb," said Mr. Herbert, "but I can see no sheep nor any creature near us." "Perhaps it is a poor little lamb that has lost its mother," said Alfred.

Mr. Herbert got out and was going to look by the roadside, but Bobby, who was impatient to get to his stable, would not stand still, so that he was afraid to leave him. "Let *me* go, papa," cried Alfred, jumping up out of his

snug nest, and bustling down by the step. "*I'll* go and look for the little lamb." "Climb up the bank by the roadside," said his papa, "and look down into the ditch."

Alfred was soon at the top of the bank, but he could see nothing. Still the sound went on, fainter and more pitiful than ever. "Shall I get down into the ditch, papa?" said he. "Yes, if you think you can manage it," answered his papa. So then Alfred began to get down, slipping and sliding, and jumping, and was soon out of sight.

"I've found the poor little lamb,

papa," he soon called out from the bottom of the ditch. Mr. Herbert had now led Bobby and the gig to the edge of the bank, and asked Alfred whether he thought he could lift up the lamb. "I'll try," answered he.

Some time passed, in which the lamb bleated more than ever, and the frosty sticks and snowy dry leaves in the ditch crackled and rustled, but nothing was heard of Alfred. "What are you doing, Alfred?" Mr. Herbert called. "*I'm coming,*" he was answered out of the ditch, in a panting voice, as if quite out of breath. "It's very difficult to get up the side."

Mr. Herbert took the reins over his arm, and leaned as far as possible over the bank; and then, with great efforts, Alfred contrived to raise the lamb up within his reach, and to give it up to him. Then he soon clambered up himself.

"Will the poor little lamb die?" said he, looking at it as it lay quite quiet over his papa's arm.

"O, mamma! it did not die?" cried Mary, almost crying, and throwing her arms round her mamma's neck. "No, you shall hear," answered her mamma.

"It is stiff with the cold, and most likely nearly starved," said

Mr. Herbert. "It is very young, not more than a week old, I should think."

"Let us make haste home," cried Alfred. "Mamma will make it get well."



Mr. Herbert lifted Alfred in, put the lamb on his knees, covered them both with the cloak, jumped in himself, and off went

Bobby as fast as he could trot. They were at their own door in no time.

Out ran little Lucy, before they had even rung the bell. Out came James the groom to take the pony to the stable. Then, out came mamma to the door to welcome them, and help off the coats and hats, and it all looked bright and warm inside. Mr. Herbert lifted out Alfred, and he went tottering along with his poor little lamb in his arms, too full of anxiety about it to speak a word.

"What *have* you got, Alfred?" cried Lucy. But he was too eager to get the lamb into the warm



room to answer her, and never stopped till he had placed it safe down on the rug.

"Where did you get this poor, pretty little lamb?" asked Lucy; "and what is the matter with it?"

"We found it in a ditch," answered he, "and it is cold and hungry. Come, mamma, and tell us what to do to make the lamb well!"

Their papa and mamma soon came in together, and found the two children sitting by the lamb, stroking and patting it. Their mamma sent directly for a blanket to lay it on, and moved it farther from the fire. Then she brought

a saucer of warm milk and held it close to its mouth, but it would not drink; so she dipped her fingers in, and then put them into its mouth, and it began to suck them. Then in a minute, to the great joy of the two children, it began to lap up the milk, and never stopped till it had finished it all. "Now do not fear," she said. "The lamb will get well, I think."

"O!" cried Mary, "how glad I am!" "So am I," said little Willie, kicking with his heels, and clapping his hands.

Lucy patted and kissed it, and then Alfred pulled off his worsted

glove, and stroked it; but when his cold little hand lay on the white, soft wool, they all laughed, for it was as red as his worsted comforter, which he still had on.

“My dear little fellow,” said his mamma, “now we must take care of you; why, how cold and wet you are!” So first she made the tea, and rang for the toast and fresh eggs, and then put on the bread and milk to boil; and then she took Alfred on her lap, and took off his cap, and cape, and comforter, and kissed his bright, rosy cheeks; and then she pulled off his boots, and socks, all wet with clambering about in the

ditch ; and then Lucy ran for dry ones for him, and she put them on. So little Alfred was soon warm, and comfortable, and as happy as he could be.

And then the white milk frothed up, and she poured it out, and they all sat down to tea, and told all their adventures, and laughed and talked away. Every now and then Lucy and Alfred stole on tiptoe to look at the lamb, which had fallen fast asleep. Before they went to bed it had another saucer full of warm milk, and then they got a deep basket with some hay in the bottom, and placed the little creature in it, blanket and

all, and there it was left for the night.

The very first thing in the morning, the two children went, hand in hand, to look at the lamb. It started up, and stood on its feet when they went near it, then bleated, and seemed frightened; but when it felt their soft hands patting and stroking its head and sides it seemed to get quiet, and when they brought some more warm milk, it drank out of their hands, and finished all up. After breakfast, as it was a sunny morning, Mr. Herbert said it might go out into the garden; so Lucy tied a pretty blue ribbon round

its throat for a collar, and it was tethered to a stake on the lawn by a rope, which was fastened at one end to the stake, and at the other to its blue collar. It jumped about and frisked now and then ; sometimes it bleated and pulled at its cord, but then the children went and stroked it, and said, "Be happy, little lamb !" and gave it more milk.

Mr. Herbert found out the farmer to whom it belonged ; but he said he should like the little boy to keep it, as he had saved its life, and to make it a pet lamb. So Alfred said it should be Lucy's pet lamb too ; and it grew pret-

tier, and stronger, and more playful, and cropped the grass, and ran about the field; and they called it Daisy. It soon became so tame that it would come into the room, and follow them in their walks, and they were very fond of it, and always took care of it.

“Dear, pretty little Daisy!” cried Mary. “This is the way it capered about the field.” So she and Willie began to run round the room, and jump like the lambs.

“Stop!” said Thomas. “Let us be the furze-bushes dancing in the moonlight!”

"O, yes, yes!" cried Mary. "Now we'll pretend we've put on our white dresses sprinkled with diamonds. Now we can begin."

Her mamma played a tune to them, called "Let's have a dance upon the heath," and they all began slowly sailing round and round in a dance. Thomas did it the best. He bent stiffly first to one side, then to the other, putting out his arms for the branches and his legs for the roots; and once, when Willie tumbled against him, he called out, "O Bush! you have pricked me all over with your spines." This made them all

laugh so much that they could dance no longer; and they were still laughing when Susan came to summon them to bed.



Harry Heath and his Faithful Dog.



HERE lived in a small cottage near a country village a laborer and his wife, whose name was Heath. They had a little boy called Harry. He was a very active, good-natured little fellow, and every one that knew him liked him. He used to work in the fields in the morning, and to go to school in the afternoon, but

he always contrived to be at home in time to help his mother to clear up the kitchen, sweep the hearth, and set the table for supper; and then to run across the green field before the door, and wait at a stile that divided the field from a little copse till his father came home from work. As soon as he heard his father's step on the path among the trees, he used to jump down from the stile, and run to meet him; and always took the tools and carried them on his own shoulder. Then they used to walk merrily along together. As they came near the cottage they used to see the blue smoke curl-

ing up from the chimney, and a cheerful light shining from the window, and they knew that supper was ready; and then the kind face they both loved best in the world was sure to meet them at the door.

"That was Harry's mother," said Mary, "and then they all sat down to supper, happily, I suppose."

"Yes," said her mamma; "and after supper they spent very happy evenings all together."

But one season, after a bad harvest, bread was very dear, and very often there was no work to be found; and so they

became very poor, and hardly knew how to manage. It happened that just then Harry's uncle Hugh came to see them. He was a sailor, and used to make long voyages in a merchant-ship; and when he saw how poor they were, he persuaded them to let him take Harry to sea with him. They were very sorry to part with their dear boy, but he longed for nothing so much as to work and help them, and so he said, "Let me go, and I shall come back safely, and bring my earnings with me." So it was fixed that he should go.

Uncle Hugh bought him a

warm blue jacket and trousers, and a sailor's glazed hat; and his father made him a strong wooden box for his sea-chest, and his mother packed up all his clothes. It was a sad day when Harry went, but they bore it as bravely as they could, and Uncle Hugh promised to take care of him. Then Harry and his uncle went to London, and went on board the ship.

"Was it a large ship?" asked Thomas.

"It was a fine large merchant-ship," answered Mary's mamma, "bound for the Cape of Good Hope."

The ship went sailing and sailing over the wide sea. Harry learned to climb the ladders and ropes, and do all his work well, and was soon a favorite with the sailors. There was one in particular that was very fond of him. This sailor was taken very ill on the voyage, and Harry used to wait on him, run for whatever he wanted, and feed his little dog for him when he was too ill to do it himself. Spring was this dog's name, and he was a white fox terrier, and soon became quite fond of Harry. The ship arrived safely at the Cape of Good Hope, and the sailor who had been so



ill, determined to stay there instead of going back to England; and he gave his little dog to Harry to keep in remembrance of him. So Spring became Harry's dog.

Then the ship began sailing back to England; and one day Uncle Hugh put five golden sovereigns into Harry's chest to take home with him, and told him, besides, that he was "a fine fellow and a good boy." Harry was overjoyed at the kind words and gift. He and Spring had a great romp on deck that evening, as if they were both so happy that they did not know what to do.

He often used to sit, when his work was done, looking over the ship's side at the dark blue sea, and thinking what he would do with his money. He determined that he would buy a pig; buy a cock and hen, that his mother might have new-laid eggs to sell; buy her a new Sunday gown and cloak, and a bonnet besides, and a new suit for his father. He could not make up his mind about the color of the waistcoat for a long time; but at last he thought it should be red. There was no end to the number of things he meant to do with his five sovereigns. He also had in his chest

a collection of shells and seaweeds, which he had picked up for his mother.

At last they came in sight of the shores of England; but that night there came a dreadful storm of thunder and wind, and the ship struck on a rock.

"O, mamma," cried Mary, "did the rock break the ship to pieces?"

"No," said her mamma, "but it made a hole in the side, and the water began to rush in, and the ship stuck fast on the rock, and the great waves dashed against it, and the sailors were afraid that it would be broken to

pieces, so they took out their boats, lowered them down into the sea, and all left the ship and everything in it, and determined to row to land.

Harry was so active helping every one, that he was one of the last to get down into the boat; and no sooner was he safely there than he heard poor Spring bark, and remembered that he was left behind. "O, stop one minute!" he cried; but one sailor said, "Never mind the dog;" and another cried, "Push off, we cannot wait." Then Harry stood up, opened his arms wide, and called out, "Spring! Spring!

jump down!" and Spring climbed up on the very edge of the ship and looked down. The boat was rocking, and the waves were dashing, but Harry stood there with his arms held out. So Spring gave a loud howl, and then jumped down, and Harry caught him in his arms quite safely.

"Poor little Spring!" cried Mary. "He *knew* that his master would catch him, and would not let him fall into the sea."

"Yes, he trusted to his master," replied her mamma, "and this saved his life. I myself saw a dog who had wandered away

and lost himself on the top of a high cliff, throw himself down into his master's arms as he stood below on the sands, and the poor little fellow was not hurt in the least."

All the sailors, and Harry and Spring, landed safely; and some kind fishermen took them into their cottages, dried their wet clothes, and gave them food and beds. After Harry had had a good sleep, his first thought was of his own home, and he went to his uncle, and told him he should like to walk to the village. It was sixty miles off, but he was a stout walker. So Uncle Hugh

gave him a few shillings—he could not spare many, for everything was left in the ship—and bade him good-by, and he set off, with Spring bounding along by his side.

It was the “merry month of May.” The sweet scents, the green trees, and the neat cottages filled his heart with joy, after his long confinement in a close ship. He thought the grass had never looked half so bright before, nor the birds sung half so merrily. He sang and whistled with them, and often jumped and ran instead of walking. Sometimes he could not help thinking of his poor

chest, his sea-weeds and shells, and the five sovereigns with which he was to have bought so many things ; but he was too happy to think of them long. "They will be glad to see me," he said to himself, "though I bring nothing with me." Now and then a good-natured wagoner took him up for a few miles. He bought his food in the towns or villages he passed through, and got his night's lodging at the cottages. He took good care of Spring, and he generally saw some one or other who seemed to be in want of a breakfast, or dinner, or supper, and then he was sure

to give some away. Once he made a blind beggar sit down and share with him; another time, a little boy and girl passed him as he was sitting by the roadside eating his supper, and they looked so tired and hungry that he could not let them go on without giving them more than half. They were little pin-makers going home after a long day's work. With all this, Harry's money began to fall short before he got to his journey's end, and he had not had enough to eat to keep up his strength on such a long walk.

On the evening of the third

day, he came near his own village. He would have felt very tired, only he was too happy. At last he came to the little copse, and turned into the path that led to the stile where he used to wait for his father every evening.

"Suppose he had met him," said Mary.

"That was what Harry thought of too," said her mamma. "It is just the time," he thought, "for father to come home from work. Perhaps I shall find him at the stile, or perhaps they have sat down to supper."

He walked faster and faster.

At last he came to the stile. The cottage was in sight from it. He looked across the field and saw it; but no smoke curled up from the chimney; no light shone from the window; the shutters were closed, the door was shut. Poor Harry felt sick and giddy, and caught hold of the stile; but he could not stand, and fell on the ground quite senseless.

"O, mamma!" cried Mary, "will it end badly?" Her mamma smiled, so Mary dried her eyes, and began to hope.

"What would become of Harry, with no friend near him?" said Thomas.

Little Willie gave a deep sigh. But he had a friend near him. His faithful dog ran round and round him, licking his hands and face, and watching for any movement; then sat down by him, and howled piteously. Still he lay without moving, and looking quite pale. Presently Spring left off howling; pricked up his ears, leaned his head first on one side, then on the other, listening attentively; then looked at his master, then listened again, and then scrambled through a hedge, and set off full speed across a field. There was a party of laborers resting in one corner of this field,

and talking together before they separated for the night.

Spring ran up to them barking, then ran back towards the hedge, and looked to see if they noticed him; then ran up to them again, barking and howling, and again ran back towards the hedge.

"He wanted them to go with him to help Harry," said Thomas.

"But go on, mamma!" cried Mary.

Spring could not make them attend to him. One said, "Lie down, sir!" another said, "Go along!" another offered him a piece of bread; so Spring ran back.



Presently he came running across the field again, carrying in his mouth poor Harry's hat. He brought it close up to the same men, and stood looking pitifully up in the face of that one who had offered him the bread.

When the men saw the hat, they felt sure that something must have happened, and began to understand what the faithful dog wanted. Spring then set off walking back towards the hedge, and two or three of the men followed him. He walked on with the hat in his mouth, looking back from time to time to see

that they were coming. They tried to take away the hat, but he growled so angrily that they left off.

The first man that reached the hedge and climbed into the copse was that one who had offered Spring the bread. He came up first to the place where Harry still lay with Spring now standing by his side, and in a moment he cried out, "Harry, Harry, my dear boy! is this the way you come home to me?" It was Harry's father that his faithful dog had brought to help him.

Harry was raised off the ground directly, and carried in his fa-

ther's arms across the fields ; and when he opened his eyes he saw that he was in his own little bed, and the faces of his father and mother were bending over him. He stretched out his arms to them, and cried, "Father! Mother!" and then how happy they all were! And another friend was with them in an instant. Spring had crept under the bed when they laid Harry upon it, and at the first sound of his master's voice he jumped up close to his face, and seemed almost mad with joy. "Notice him, Harry," said his father. "He has, perhaps, saved your life."

Presently Harry began to look round him, and to wonder where he was; for the room looked larger, and everything nicer and prettier than even in his dear cottage. So they told him why the cottage was shut up. They told him that soon after he went away, a rich relation had left them all his money, and that they had taken this nice little farm, and stocked it with sheep, and cattle, and horses, and all they wanted; and had longed every day for their boy's return.

At this happy explanation, Mary threw her arms round her mamma's neck, and kissed her

again and again. Thomas jumped up and clapped his hands, and Willie kicked the floor, and laughed and shouted. As soon as they were able to listen, Mary's mamma went on.

Harry then told them what had happened to the poor ship; but they would not let him talk, they only asked if Uncle Hugh and all the sailors were safe, and then they made Harry take some refreshing tea and bread. He was almost too happy to eat, but he left off talking when they begged him to keep quiet for their sakes, and to try to go to sleep; and then he shut his eyes, but could

not help opening them two or three times to see that it was all true, and that the dear faces were really there; but at last he fell asleep with his mother's hand fast locked in his.

The next day they wrote to Uncle Hugh to tell him he must come to them and share their good fortune; and in a few days he came in a hired gig, that he might lose no time; and what should there be at his feet but Harry's chest! The ship had been got off the rock, and all put to rights again, and everything saved. So the shells and seaweeds were soon ranged on the

chimney-piece. As to the five sovereigns, since Harry's parents no longer wanted them, he sent them, with Uncle Hugh's consent, to be divided among the sailors, his late companions, with a kind farewell. He could not be spared any more from home, where he lived happily with his father and mother, and his faithful dog.

"I am so glad his chest was not lost," said Thomas.

"And that all the pretty shells and sea-weeds were safe," said Mary. "Well," she continued, running up to Bouncer and patting him, "I really don't know whether you would have been so

clever as Spring, but I am quite sure you are a faithful dog."

Bouncer looked up at her, wagged his tail, and seemed as if he would like to say something if he could.





